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MY RICHES.

Mine is the gold of sunset,
The glory of the dawn,
The splendid star that shines afar,
The dew-bejewelled lawn.

Mine are the pearls and opals
That fall from wayside spring,
The silvery notes from thrushes' throats,
Through woodland aisles that ring.

Mine is the rare embroidery
Of lichen on the wall,
The airy grace of fair fern-lace,
Meet for a prince's hall.

Softer than Persian carpet
The moss beneath my feet,
In dewy dells, where floral bells
Toll out their perfume sweet.

Banks cannot hold my treasure;
It needs no lock nor key;
None 'neath the sky so rich as I,
Who hold the world in fee.

—Emily Tolman.

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FORESHADOWINGS.

One of the San Francisco daily papers closed its account of the final day at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition as follows:

"A reverential regard for the solemnity of the occasion was evidenced, of course; and, at the formal ceremonies for the purpose, was the dominant note. But other wheres and other whiles the cry was a cry of joy—the joy of accomplishment, the satisfaction that comes with work well done.

"Everybody knew everybody else—or got acquainted. Even the crowds on the cars, rivaling the time-honored sardine in tightness of pack, smiled at the discomfort. The man whose toes were stepped on said: 'That's all right, brother, that's all right. Great day, isn't it?'

"And it was that, too. It was a day on which a benediction was pronounced with a laugh. There was hope in it and courage and infinite resolve.

"And back of it all was a thing of beauty that can never be erased from the memory of man."

What is the dominant note that is struck here — and doubtless by a writer scarcely conscious of the import of what he was writing? It is the great note of Brotherhood! People got away from self to the not-self, to the all-inclusive; and so they smiled in their discomfort and accepted as "all right" what they would have resented otherwise.

There was a spirit of this kind for a few days immediately after the great disaster in San Francisco in April 1906. All classes were for a few days then on the same level, and people shared then with a generous spirit unmanifest before.

There have been similar instances in life here and there in the past. But anon people have been found back in the old ways—each scrambling for self.

What shall we say of these times when the sun has broken through and has flooded life with more beauty than ordinarily? They are foreshadowings of that which is some time to be alway. One of the world's seers has written:

"The world travels on and shall travel on. A few centuries shall not exhaust the meanings of it. In you and me too, inevitably, its meanings wait their unfolding.

"No old laws, precedents, combinations of men or weapons, can retard it; no new laws, schemes, combinations, discoveries, can hasten it; but only the new births within the Soul—you and me.

"When the Ideal has once alighted, when it has looked forth from the windows with ever so passing a glance upon the earth, then we may go in to supper, you and I, and take our ease; the rest will be seen to.

"When a new desire has declared itself within the human heart, when a fresh plexus is forming among the nerves—then the revolutions of nations are already decided and histories unwritten are written."

It is as George Sterling said in his poem, "The Builders," so appropriately read at different places on the Exposition grounds during the formal closing services:

"The year grows old, but Progress has no age:
Her flags go forward to increasing light;
Behind her lies the night;
It is a ceaseless war her soldiers wage,
And on her great and ever-widening sky,
'Onward!' is still the truceless battle cry.

"The future is our kingdom, and, although
Our hands unbuild the city they have built,
Yet here no blood is spilt
Nor swords uplifted for a nation's woe.
And, though the columns and the temples pass,
Let none regret; let no man cry 'Alas!'

"We do but cross a threshold into day.
Beauty we leave behind,
A deeper beauty on our path to find
And higher glories to illume the way.
The door we close behind us is the Past:
Our sons shall find a fairer door at last.

"A world reborn awaits us. Years to come
Shall know its grace and good,
When wars shall end in endless brotherhood,
And the birds shall build in cannon long since dumb.
Men shall have peace, though then no man may know
Who built this sunset city long ago.

"Wherefore, be glad! Sublimer walls shall rise,
Which these do but foretell.
Be glad, indeed! For we have builded well
And set a star upon our western skies
Whose fire shall greaten on a land made free,
Till all that land be bright from sea to sea!"

WHO IS THE CULPRIT?

A special to the Christian Science Monitor, from its Washington bureau, states concerning the Ford expedition to Europe:

"This bureau is informed that at least one of the prominent men invited has been the open and avowed enemy of one of the belligerent nations of which he is a native, and that, although now posing as an advocate of peace, he has but recently been engaged in plots against his country. It is a matter of wonder in certain quarters of Washington that the well-meaning man who finances it, and his guests, who are to embark on this mission, should be made use of to promote the plans that might prove in their effects the exact antithesis of what they imagine may come to pass."

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN ON THE PEACE MOVEMENTS.

Just before her departure for her home in England last week Mrs. Snowden said to a New York reporter:

"I had nothing to do with the inception of Mr. Ford's plan. I knew nothing about it until I had reached Washington. My sole purpose in going to Washington was to interest President Wilson, not in Mr. Ford's plan, but in another plan entirely, for the calling together of a peace conference of neutral nations. I do not believe that such a plan as Mr. Ford's can in itself be the means of bringing about peace. I am merely not discouraging the Ford plan. I believe it will be an excellent means for bringing the peace question before the thought of the people in neutral nations, and to the extent that it does that I am in favor of it.

"I have seen so much of the horror of war and am so desperately anxious to put an end to it that I am willing to lend a hand to anything at all that looks promising.

"After I got to Washington I met Mr. Ford, and after he had explained his purpose to me I told him that I would be willing to do what I could to get prominent English peace workers to attend a neutral conference. I do not think that Mr. Ford himself believes that his plan alone can accomplish the ultimate end.

"What is going to bring peace, in my opinion, is the force of economic pressure. I am in receipt of a letter from my husband, who is a member of Parliament from Blackburn, and he tells me the desire for peace is growing wonderfully in the war party itself in England. He says that the speeches being made in England in favor of peace are being stifled before they gain circulation. This is being done both by the newspapers and by the censor so far as getting word to the outside world is concerned. My husband tells me that the financial interests concerned in the war are becoming greatly concerned about the immediate future, and this is what is going to have its effect before a great while, I am convinced."

WOMEN SAY TO THE PRESIDENT THAT PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF THE PALAVER OF DIPLOMATS.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York Post, dated November 27th, says:

"There was some plain speaking yesterday on the part of the women peace advocates, Mrs. Ethel Snowden, wife of a member of the British Parliament, and Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, of Hungary, who spent half an hour with President Wilson urging him to call a peace conference of neutral nations or appoint a delegate to the proposed peace conference of neutrals at The Hague. In their sympathies the two women represented opposing sides in the great war.

"The President winced, said the women at the conference, when told that Europeans believed that the commercial interests of this country wanted the war to continue because of the rich rewards in the orders for munitions and supplies, and in the restricted competition in foreign trade fields which gave the United States a vast advantage over the European nations in commerce with neutral countries.

"Mme. Schwimmer bluntly told the President that the people no longer would wait for diplomats to palaver and treat and play their game, but would make peace without them. President Wilson, in reply to Mrs. Snowden's urging, said that she need not plead with him; that he was wholly sympathetic. But he would promise nothing.

"Both Mrs. Snowden and Mme. Schwimmer addressed the peace meeting at the Belasco Theatre in the evening. Mrs. Snowden told the audience that drowning men catch at straws, that Henry Ford's peace ship may not end the war, but at least it is a straw.

" 'For decency's sake let us catch at it,' she said. 'Europe is bleeding to death. We dare no longer keep silent.'

Henry Ford is known to have urged Philip Snowden, in England, to gather people to join the peace ship and help in the proposed neutral conference.

"Telegrams urging the President to initiate a movement for peace are still coming into the White House in enormous volumes. Most of them are written in the name of some organization representing many women members. Some of the organizations are the Y. W. C. A., Federated Clubs, and D. A. R."

BUSY SCENES ON THE CLYDE.

Women Working in Shell Shops.

A recent news item from Glasgow, Scotland, says:

"It might be assumed that to expand more than twofold the great ship-building plants on the Clyde, so far as employees and output are concerned, would be all that is expected in this center in the way of munitions. But it is not all that the Scotsmen on the western coast are contributing by any means, for here as in other parts of the Kingdom new workshops are being erected for munitions, and plants intended originally for other purposes are being turned into shell factories.

" 'Somewhere in Scotland,' an Associated Press correspondent not long ago visited a plant filling two hundred acres which has grown up in a little more than a month, with scores of separate structures. There are eleven miles of trolley track to carry shells from place to place. The plant will be finished soon and the workers for it are now being trained elsewhere. The plant is being erected by contractors who will make no profit.

"As in the case of the famous Armstrong works at Newcastle, plants engaged in shipbuilding on the Clyde were open to inspection. The shops on the Tyne and the Clyde are playing their part, and it is a tremendously impressive part.

In Glasgow, as elsewhere, the participation of women in the industry is apparent on every hand. In their khaki or blue aprons, with dust caps of the same color, they are busy at the lathes, and swarm in and out in thousands at the shift periods. Every foreman with whom the correspondent talked was enthusiastic about the application and efficiency of the women workers. Of course they are not set to work at the heavy machines, and they are chiefly given tasks requiring only few days' experience. In every establishment, as the women workers learn how to work the machines for the lighter shells, the men are taken out for the manufacture of the heavier munitions. What the permanent effect of all this change in the working operations of women will be after the war is not concerning the employees now, though they appreciate that it will bring its chain of problems for solution later. To the women it is already bringing more money then they ever had before, and a sense of independence never before experienced.

DRY LAWS CUT NATIONAL REVENUE.

Assisstant Secretary of the Treasury Peters says that the national revenue has been cut two million dollars by the loss of liquor tax. He said in discussing the situation:

The revenues from whisky and alcoholic breverages have shrunk over two million and this unquestionably is due to the spread of the temperance movement. We are preparing to see it diminish further from this cause.

"CHRISTIAN SERVICE AND THE MODERN WORLD."

Some Heart-Searching Messages from Dr. MacFarland, the Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches.

In a new book published by the Fleming H. Revell Company (and sold for 75 cents) Dr. Charles S. Macfarland outlines the pathway along which it seems to us the church and all humanity must move. He writes on: The Great Physician and His Healing Ministry, The Church and Modern Industry, The Consolidation of Conscience, The Federal Unity of the Churches a Social Obligation, The New Internationalism a Fundamental in Religious Education.

The order of our human progress, Dr. Macfarland writes, must come by three related processes—"the state will become the ultimate form of human life; democracy the ultimate form of the state; Christianity the vital power of democracy." And he finds that "the church is today growingly inspired by three impulses—first, the impulse of democracy itself; second, the deepening of human sympathy; and third, the instinct of self-preservation." "The progress of the church is grievously retarded by the havoc of the present social and industrial order, and she must herself become the leader in creating the new environment which is a paramount necessity for the perpetuation of her life. And yet had she not just that task she could not live.

"On every hand men are yielding to the sweet temptation to place the church upon the rack, and sometimes with playful sarcasm and hilarious impertinence, to apply to her 'the third degree.' She has failed! It is asserted that her new and hitherto neglected task is Social Service. Yet it is not new. Israel's history began with an industrial uprising. The church has always been, either directly or indirectly, the leader, the inspirer, the supporter of philanthropy, charity and social regeneration, and she stands without the suggestion or imitation of a peer. Every such movement in the world is a child of the church and an expression of her gospel.

"And what is more, that church and that gospel have been the arch-creators of our social unrest, as the gospel has given to mankind this vision of his higher, larger, freer, nobler life. We might as well recognize our responsibility. The gospel of Jesus has never proved a sedative. It has always been productive of that discontent which is the first approach to aspiration. Shall the church then stand in dread before the mighty task for which she herself is responsible? Shall she go on opening up before the eyes of men a vision of economic, moral and spiritual freedom, while she does not break the iron bands of injustice and dishonesty which fetter their economic moral and spiritual progress?"

Asking then, "Why are we disquieted within?" Dr. Macfarland continues:

"The church has failed to adjust herself to a new industrial environment which came upon her unawares, which she herself created. In fact all institutions have failed thus far to meet it. The state has failed; society has failed; political economists have failed to a most pitiful degree. All are discovering that in our attempts to express our human sympathy we have been dealing only with effects and neglecting resident forces. We are now getting back to the causes of things; and without, it is to be hoped, neglecting regeneration and redemption, we are seeking to apply prevention. And just as the church has ever been the great physician in repairing social damage, so now she is to become the restorer of the social order, if it is to be restored."

Dr. Macfarland gives a ringing call to the church to arise and serve in accordance with the needs of the times and in the spirit of the Master.

"We live in the midst of a magnificent historic opportunity. Whether the issue shall be weal or woe depends on the last resort of summoning, arousing, combining, and imposing the great latent moral forces in our midst. These great moral forces are in a state of balance. The spirit is, 'I will if others will.' There are great hosts of business men who are ready to turn either way, and either make a stand for commercial integrity or give up trying to be Christian men altogether."

Dr. Macfarland sees the trend of syndicalism and other movements and asks: "Why is it that all our moral leaders do not see that in such an organization as the American Federation of Labor, with its magnificent economic machinery, the most gigantic economic force of any day or generation, we have in the midst of our seething, threatening, social unrest, one great safety valve, one great conserving, constructive social agency, one great evolutionary force that is more than anything else bringing order out of chaos, because it mingles light with heat, and serves not only to incite but also to restrain. Why do not men see that these men hold the destinies of our social order?"

A prominent business man of New York said to Dr. Macfarland not long ago: "When the church and pulpit enter definitely into the commercial and industrial problems of our time they take their lives in their hands. In reply Dr. McFarland related the pathetic story concerning Frederick W. Robertson. One of his parishioners sought to stay the boldness of his utterance, saying to him, "Mr. Robertson, you will suffer for it." "I don't care." "Mr. Robertson, you invite personal ruin." "I don't care." "Mr. Robertson, do you know what happened to 'Don't care'?" "I do. He was crucified on Calvary."

The New Internationalism.

In the chapter on "The New Internationalism," the probe goes down deep. With reference to the conflict now going on in Europe it is remarked that "it was no mere accident." "Its ultimate causes are material ambition, selfish competition, unfair advantage, suspicion. . . . It arises out of a delusive philosophy of human life, a haggard conception of racial relationships, a perverted view of human progress, a constitutional mistake in education and training." Then comes the question: "Are we free from the danger of these ultimate causes? Is our inward social order, which corresponds so largely to that of Europe, as a whole permeated by an elevating philosophy of human life? Have we yet solved, by moral processes, the problem of racial relationships? Are we dominated by the higher law of the survival of the fittest for the sake of the unfit?"

A further remark is: "It is sad indeed to witness in Europe race antagonism and a tribal contempt crushing out Christian sympathy and love, but have we within our borders a brotherhood and sisterhood which constitutes a divine democracy?"

"We have the dismal spectacle of the nations calling upon their tribal gods. We are not far from that same individualistic class creation of deities. Great masses of our people are looking for their uplifting towards a revolution, while our rich gaily flaunt their riches in the face of the poor and emphasize the wide gulf between Dives at his table and Lazarus at the gate. The real prophets in Europe have been for many years warning the nations of their mad materialism. We have the same insidious foe of social progress among us, and it exists not only in high places but also among the lowly, for to worship the mammon that

other men possess is no better than to worship that which we possess ourselves."

Dr. Macfarland passes then to consider our treatment of other nations or races—the black man, the yellow and brown and red, and says in that connection:

"In their patriotism our children should salute at least two flags; the one that designates the home in which they happened to be born, and then a new world flag which shall signify every race and every nation and every color of mankind.

"Our children should be reminded at every meal of those from every corner of the world who help to set their table. . . . In their prayers they should be taught to pray that God shall preserve their nation from other nations; while they should also be taught to pray that other nations should also be preserved from theirs.

We are told: "The nations are still suspicious of us. Japan has an attitude of watchful waiting. China has her alternate hope and doubt, and is mercurial in her temper towards us. The little nations in the south are not quite so sure of us; and the most hopeful sign of this day and generation was that three of them did try us once and did not find us wanting. We need to arm ourselves against them; but we shall do it best by disarming them of their doubts and their lingering suspicions. The unselfish return of China's indemnity was worth at least one battleship to this nation.

"Justice is our noblest armor, but our only pledge for the nations of our justice to them is that of our internal justice between our own peoples.

"Before we reach the New Internationalism we must create a New Nationalism, and the creation of both must come, not by the trivial simulation of a neutrality that adds God and the devil together and divides by two, but by a profound repentance, by a national atonement, by a new status in international diplomacy, the status of unselfish reconciliation."

"INTRODUCING THE AMERICAN SPIRIT."

A New Book by Edward A. Steiner.

There are no Americans more loyal than Dr. Edward A. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa. His books concerning the alien and the immigrant have had a wide and sympathetic reading and have done much to weld together the various nationalities coming thither in large numbers in recent years. This new book has a vein of humor running through it which adds greatly to its charm. A German professor and his wife, friends of Dr. Steiner, came over on a visit to this country and he took them in hand with a view to showing them that much in this new land had a value with which they were unacquainted. Many amusing experiences are chronicled and with much suggestiveness.

Dr. Steiner says on the closing pages: "What I most fear for the American Spirit is the loss of that which makes it really American and truly Spirit—the loss of its democracy. I am confident that the form of our government is not endangered, and whatever military success may come to monarchic governments we shall not envy them their kings nor put ourselves in bondage to them." In other words what Dr. Steiner fears is that we shall in our blindness try to block the progress of democracy. This book has been aptly called "A Ringing Challenge to the American People."

When the professor got back home he wrote to Dr. Steiner: There are two Americas and you are living in one of them. Your America lies in the high altitudes of Lake Mohonk, Hull House and Grinnell College. The other America, which you tried to hide from me, I saw just because you tried to hide it. It is sordid, base, selfish, and above all strong; but that you do not seem to know.

You have modified my view of America, but you have not changed it. You are still a big experiment as a nation, and I am not sure that it will be a successful one. You have nothing to teach us in government, business, or education. Just one thing I envy—your faith in your unfinished country and in yourself as a force in its making. . . . You wanted me to see your country through the June atmosphere of your Commencement—a democratic, peaceful, rose-laden America. I saw it through the smoke and grime of Chicago, the crowded tenements of New York, the injustice of your courts and the corruption of your politics."

Finally he writes: "My wife sends her greetings. She received more benefit out of her visit than I. I have had to promise to remodel the house, and put in another bathroom, which is to be between our bed rooms. The new bathtub must be porcelain and we are to have an instantaneous heater. She still talks a good deal of the 'gute cornflecks' and 'grep frut' which we both enjoyed so much. Above all she remembers the courtesy of the men, and if the servant did not place her chair for her at table, I fear I should now have to do it."

Dr. Steiner has the last word and there as well as all through the book shows his great love for the country of his adoption.

Less than a dozen of the 274 pages of Dr. Steiner's book have to do with the war and they show thorough loyalty on his part to all our interests. On one page he takes occasion to say: "It may be interesting to note that it was His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, who repudiated the hyphen when a German-American delegation called on him on the occasion of some royal anniversary. When the delegation was introduced in this hyphenated manner, he said: 'Germans I know, Americans I know, but German-Americans I do not know.'

"Although the hyphen has always existed, says Steiner, "it has assumed new meaning in these troublous days and is applied as a term of opprobrium, largely to Americans of German birth—people who have always been loyal to the country of their adoption, and, I think, are no less loyal now."

(Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00 net.)

"THE NEW WORLD."

A Timely Helpful Book by Hugh Black.

The Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, who came over from England to this country several years ago and who has held a professorship for some time in Union Theological Seminary, was called recently to succeed the Rev. R. J. Campbell in the City Temple, London.

Dr. Black is a man of marked ability and insight, of great clearness of thought and presentation, and this new book by him is one of considerable value.

There are articles on: The Changing Order, The Forces of Unrest, The Acid of Criticism, The Method of Science, The Movement of Democracy, The Spirit of the Age, The Principles of Reconstruction, The Things That Remain, The Victory of Faith.

We wish that such books as this could get into a large number of homes, so that through the reading of them men and women would get a connected view of life as it now is and of the trend of things. There is a great deal of preaching—and good preaching too—which relates to these things; but the people go away from it unable to keep it properly in memory, and necessarily at the best with nothing but fragmentary views. Now here is a book of a comprehensive sort—one which in an able, attractive, and popular way, analyzes the forces at work in the modern world and the tendency thereof. The men and women who get this book and read it will start the year 1916 with a new and better outlook on life and with an inspiration toward all needed adjustments. If perchance some should know already all that is to be found therein, it would nevertheless get a new grip on them.

Everything that is worth while, for which men and women all around the world are striving, Dr. Black links up with the spiritual. Do you believe in democracy? for instance. Well, Dr. Black says: In the age-long attempt to establish the City of God, we will give up in despair if we cease to believe in the worth and supremacy of the soul. Democracy itself stands or falls with this faith. It cannot be attained, nor kept by force, or skillful economics, or prudent legislation. There can be no lasting peace which is not built on justice, and no permanent social state which is not founded on righteousness. The highest social interests of man can only be safe-guarded by the glowing faith that spiritual interests are paramount."

And just now what a message the following is: "All that a brave man needs is a living faith in the order and sanity and purposiveness of the Universe. He is content with the wages of 'going on.' He renews his strength; for he believes that lying back of the world and life there is something that he can call **purpose."**

Those of our people who are crying out about the decay of religion would get a new and different vision by reading this book.

As to the paralyzing effect of criticism on religion, Dr. Black notes that, and yet he says—what every thoughtful, though fearful man, must acknowledge,—that "Religion is ultimately no more affected by the higher criticism than the earth is affected by geology and the flight of the eagle is affected by biology. . . . The fact that theology is in process of restatement does not mean that religion may be given the go-by meanwhile."

(Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, $1.00 net.)

OUR POLICE SYSTEM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Rev. Sydney Strong.

"Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Luke 23:43.

"And when Jesus had lifted up himself and saw none but the woman, he said unto her. Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, no man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her. Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." John 8: 10, 11.

I speak today on "Christianity and Our Police System." Our Police system is a good illustration of where "Christian civilization" fails. This is no criticism on our Mayor or Chief of Police or policemen but upon the police system which obtains in all the cities of the land and which I believe to be essentially unchristian. I speak at this time on this subject, because the matter is in the public mind, the inadequacy of the system is felt and especially because it will bring out what is false and true in our civilization.

The police system is our method of dealing with criminals; and that method is to suspect and detect and catch and prosecute and convict and jail the wrong doer. In the first place, it is ineffective. It makes wrong-doers, both within and without the forces. It creates suspicion, provokes wrong-doing., and uses wrong methods for the remedy of wrong. The police system creates a problem of crime rather than solving the problem of crime. If every police force in our cities was dismissed, as at present organized according to the rule of force, it would decrease the output of crime.

The Christian way of approach to the wrong-doer is opposite to the way that obtains in our police system. The same is true of every system founded on force. The cause of justice cannot be advanced by the sword; for the sword is the weapon of hatred and oppression and cruelty and insanity.

Note Jesus' way of approaching the wrong-doer. A women who had done evil was brought to him one day. The evidence was conclusive; the law was clear. The law said, she must be stoned. Jesus said nothing, but looking away from them began to write on the ground. They clamored for a decision. He lifted himself up and said, He that is without sin among you, cast the first stone. He turned away, and the accusers went away, beginning at the eldest unto the last. And turning to the woman, he said. Since no one condemns you, neither do I: go, and sin no more. Jesus said to a dying thief, today thou shalt be in my company in Paradise.

In other words, Jesus' way of treating the wrong-doer was to forgive, to have confidence and to send the wrong-doer on his way with a glad, new hope. There is not a suggestion of a prison, or a pistol or a club in the gospel. The captives were to be freed, the sword was to be sheathed, and efforts to remedy evil by force were abolished. Love and forgiveness are prime principles of Christianity.

Our police system, our military system even more, is unchristian from beginning to end. I mean that the underlying methods and motives are contrary to the clear teachings of Jesus. Our police system is looking for evil: Jesus was looking for good. Our police system appeals to force to make men right: Jesus to love. Our police system lives on suspicions and detections and clubs—it is called the "arm of the law,"—while Jesus' whole attiude toward the wrong-doer is that of faith and reverence and charity in view of the common frailty of humanity.

I received a letter last week which declared that Christianity on Queen Anne Hill was a failure as long as neighbors—note the sarcasm—as neighbors bolted their doors against each other. He is right about it. Christianity is so far a failure when neighbors live with suspicion and distrust of each other. But you say, my clothes and jewels would be stolen if the doors were not barred. This declaration leads to the interesting question whether one should desire to possess clothes and jewels that arouse envy in others. I can hardly imagine Jesus encouraging his disciples to flash diamonds and wear silks. The man whom he most highly commended had a wardrobe which must have been scant and out of style—John the Baptist. The recent experience of the talented Dr. Hilles should make us thoughtful. He was never more eloquent nor greater than when he humbly acknowledged that he had fallen to the love of wealth and position.

When a man does not divide his earnings with his neigh-

bors, he is not capable of loving God. A community that loved God would have no need of bolts and bars on the houses; no need of jails and police courts and police force!

But what would I do? I would take away every revolver and club. I would make of our policeman a combination of a trusted watchman and fireman and peace maker. He would pass up and down our streets like the ushers in our Churches and big stores. He would go out in the morning not to detect and suspect and arrest but to suggest and jolly and remedy and guide and help build up the community.

Suspicion of the public is a wrong attitude of mind. The people should be trusted. There is a home on the corner of Queen Anne Avenue and Blaine Street, that has one of the best kept yards on the hill. Passers-by stop to look. The lawn is nearly perfect. There are beds of beautiful flowers. Between the curbing and the sidewalks are lovely rose-bushes—so near that the passers-by may touch and smell. I asked the good wife if the public didn't destroy the flowers. She replied that at first, this was true; but now, nothing was injured. The people passing never took anything.

The people can be trusted, when confidence is reposed in them. This is what Jesus did. This is what the police system and the military system do not do. If the police system should be abolished as I have described, there would at first be some trouble; but when the people once found that they were trusted there would be less wrong-doing than before. Oberlin College had a rule forbidding the playing of cards. For years, the rule was a thorn in the discipline of the students. The students played in spite of the rule, behind locked doors, out in the woods, etc. At last, the rule was rescinded, although many good people declared that the flood gates would be opened. The day when the new ruling went into effect was indeed celebrated by open card-playing. The students played in the parlors, out on the porches, everywhere it seemed to some of the good people. But things quickly righted themselves and the evil of card-playing is doubtless in the College less than before.

The people can be trusted. This is what Jesus said and practiced. Mr. Rockefeller is now making an interesting tour through Colorado. If he had gone there a year ago, he would have been killed. Where is the difference? A year ago he was trying to force upon the mining communities of Colorado certain ideas he had of industrial justice; he was using the arm of the law, in which the police and militia were in combination. A year ago he was pursuing the methods of the detective and the suspective and the soldier and as a result wrong-doing was only growing under the treatment. Not only was no remedy in sight, but there was danger that civil war through the state and nation might ensue. Today, he comes unarmed. He reposes confidence in the people who a year ago would have drunk his blood. He finds that they are just like himself, as good, as bad, no more, no less than himself. They find he is just like themselves, can eat and drink and dance and read; and if that social confidence is maintained between them the solution of the industrial problem is in sight. Faith and trust will accomplish in a short time what police and military systems are unable to accomplish in hundreds of years. In fact, these systems only aggravate and increase the wrong-doing, which presumbly they are meant to cure.

But what about the bully that has to be curbed who has to be regulated and limited by the strong authority of force. My reply is that the bully—that troubles so many of our militaristic friends—is largely a creature of our imagination. And he is more likely to come along as soon as we lay in a stock of clubs and pistols. I marvel that people don't see that the bully starts down the road after we begin to prepare for him. The "bully" in humanity is largely the creature of suspicion and distrust and hatred. Just as soon as you plant clubs and pistols bullies spring up.

As I search my memory I do not recall ever having met a bully. I have met thousands of men who were called selfish and unreasonable and aggressive and who would have fought like tigers had you approached them with club and pistol; but all these have been harmless. The police and military system approaches men in a wrong manner. This system creates antogonism and strife. Many good men say it is the only practical method because of what human nature is. My reply is that it is not only not a practical method, but that any method of approaching humanity, whose final appeal is force, increases the wrong it would cure and destroys the society it would protect.

The police and military system is defended on the ground that the facts of human nature make it necessary. A navy must be built, sub-marines constructed, areoplanes made, mobs concocted, the boys in our colleges and high schools taught how to shoot and how to twist the bayonet and how to overcome the enemy, because of the criminal in human nature that must be scared and crushed by the appearance of the "strong arm." This is the theory that men hold, and yet it is a false theory and the theory that Jesus came to dislodge. And if this theory of human nature cannot be rooted out of our consciousness—all of our knowledge of how the soul acts will help us little toward righteousness. The mind must be changed before the kingdom can come.

The truth is right before our eyes; yet we go dully and pathetically on trusting in force as the final appeal in making wrong right. And the truth is right before our eyes. For example, recently there sailed from Seattle a little group of people bound for India. They have been in India 45 years. During their life there they tackled the job of reforming a tribe of professional highwaymen. These tribemen stole and murdered for a regular diet. The soldiers were unable to do anything with them. These tribesmen possessed about as much of this bad human nature as one would find in the world—certainly as much as our police force have to face. Two people, husband and wife, undertook the job of reforming these tribesmen. They had no clubs, aeroplanes or pistols, They went out with a power, that no government on earth can buy; a power in comparison with which a billion dollar loan is a trifle; a power that is more powerful than sunlight—but let Mrs. Bullard tell about it. "I wasn't afraid" she said "because I knew they must have concealed in them somewhere the kindness that all of us have. And I was not mistaken. Not only were they respectful, but they were neighborly." What had been known as the "criminal colony" became astonishingly law-abiding. A British officer said to Mrs. Bullard, "Confound it! I don't see this. They wouldn't obey us."

The sad thing is that the man with the club and the gun will never see it. He can't! Suspicion and detection breed

distrust. No remedy can spring from distrust. As soon as we believe as Mrs. Bullard and Jesus her Master believed, that everyone must have concealed in him (or her) somewhere the kindness that all of us have, we shall be on the road to the overcoming of evil.

Mrs. Bullard has pointed out the way to handle the criminal class in every community. If it will work among the robbing murdering tribesmen of India; it certainly ought to work in Seattle. The first step in solving the police problem is to abolish the system. Have no longer 300 men in our city—men as individuals as good as any—whose chief work is to suspect and detect and convict and jail for wrong doing. The system is wrong from a practical standpoint. It makes us no better. It is also opposed to the very spirit and attitude of Jesus, the founder of Christianity. These 300 men should not be thrown out of work, but if anything their number doubled and woman in good numbers should be added, but they should be transformed into missionaries. They do not need clubs, nor pistols. They should act as the guardians of the city —ushers and watchmen and peacemakers—and believe me if these men and women should thus go out looking for as Mrs. Bullard found in the tribesmen of India, that kindness in everyone that all of us have, we should quickly find Seattle favorably leading the cities of the world in her criminal record. We should not only be the healthiest but the best. And no class in the city, preacher, teacher, merchant, would outrank these guardians, as weighed by the esteem and affection of the people.

And we should have a great national standing army, numbering millions of the same kind, an army of our youth drilled for concerted action for times of need; drilled to make highways, stop floods, put out great forest fires; to guard the welfare of the nation; drilled for constructive not destructive purposes; drilled to fight disease and suffering and flood and fire and slums; trained to have respect for all the nations of the earth.

But you say, the police and military system is the only thing that stands between civilization and anarchy. The contrary is true. Anarchy is a child of the club and the sword. Remove these, and mankind would be thrown back upon resources that are more fundamental. Force is a shallow, short cut ineffective remedy. God shows the only true way in our Gospel. God affirms there that the only cure for the evil of the world, is for his law of love to be incarnated as it was in Jesus. This is Christianity's supreme task; to get the individual to express in his daily life the rule of love; and, after that, to make all the institutions of society a real incarnation of the same law of love. This would be the kingdom of God on earth.

OPTIGRAMS.

By Hugh Elmer Brown.

Any 1916 model boy would rather "make the team" than be the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is dead easy to be a human blue-pencil and go slashing across the blunders of brother men.

Some sermons are eggs "strictly fresh;" some are eggs of authentic antiquity; some are plain omelets.

Men need to be awakened to feel how great a thing it is to live, to love and to be loved.

If a preacher has ten children, he has too many . If he has none, he should have, and isn't setting a good example. The average parish is hard to please in this matter.

Christians who piously pace down the church aisles on Sunday should not dance to the music of Mammon between Sundays.

We believe that America is the arena in which some of humanity's supreme battles are to be waged. Nothing we can do by way of spiritual preparation will be too good for the rising generation.

What alone rouses the world to better things is a sample of them.

The chief function of the church is educational rather than exhortational, conservational rather than reclamational.

Says Virgil of the victors in a boat race: "They won because they thought they should."

A fly on a saucer seems like a giant, but a fly in Volunteer Park is too puny for mention. Take your troubles into the big backgrounds of true religion, and they dwindle.

Numerous clocks of various size and make were in the blind man's house; they were "cheerful company in the dark." Some folks we know are exactly like the clocks.

Preachers are giving up the ready-made white tie. It is so uncertain in its clutch on the collar button—hangs on so much like a candle on a Christmas tree.

Now and then you overhear a man pray as if he were talking to a real person; it is hard to describe the other brands of prayer.

If only one man in Seattle lives close enough to God, he can perfume the life of the whole city. Why not try to be the man?

Shall business have its corporations, art its galleries, education its colleges and religion have no sanctuaries? Destroy all the churches and they will be rebuilt tomorrow.

Some folks berate the church because she "dabbles too much in mundane matters;" others get red in the face and snort denunciations because she "does so little for community betterment." Both are right and both are wrong. And the church will do well to cater to neither, but listen more attentively to the call of the Christ. His program is on monopoly bent; it covers everything from food to fancy, from contented cows to cultured consecration.

THE CITY OF GOD.

O Thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Notes and Reviews.

When My Ship Comes Home. By Clara E. Laughlin. When ships come home they sometimes have surprises aboard, or at least changes of cargoes. In those with which this story is concerned there were changes of cargoes. A boy and a girl in childish fancy have their ships out on the ocean of the world carrying that which seemed most desirable to them. The years go on and finally the girl grown to womanhood says: "I've spent eight years in the temples where fame is prayed for, and in the schools where she is sweated for. And I—I think that when she is won, it must be by those who care more for her than I do. She's a jealous goddess, she brooks no rivals; she must have all of her devotee or none. And, though I have not always known it, there must always have been other cargo on my Nancy Iee." And the young man's gaze as these words were uttered was fixed far off where bright-colored sails passed in the Tyrrhenian Sea, but he was seeing beyond those, seeing a Promised Land where a man went home from his work at night and a woman was there to greet him, and he felt that life was sweet and wonderful and precious. **(Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, $1.00 net.)**

Historic Churches In Mexico. By Mrs. John Wesley Butler. The author spent thirty-six years in Mexico, visited often the churches concerning which she writes, and had exceptional advantages for the gathering of the materials out of which the book is made. The churches described are the historic ones and such as have attached to them legend and folk-lore. Among the churches described is that at Tlaxcala founded only a few years after Cortez burned his ships in the port of Vera Cruz in order to prevent his little army from plotting to return to Spain and began his march toward the Mexican capital in 1519. The Tlaxcalans were not subject at that time to the Aztec king; they received the Spaniards with open arms because they thought they saw in Cortez the features of their god Quetzalcoatl who, according to the popular belief, was the son of a virgin mother of fair skin, wore a long beard, and was clothed in flowing garments of white, embroidered with a red cross. "It is worthy of note that in this very year of the landing of the Spaniards on Mexican soil, Quetzalcoatl was expected to return to the country. The Tlaxcalans were soon undeceived. After four terrible battles with the Spaniards they were obliged to acknowledge defeat. Four years later (in 1523) a church was built by the Spaniards to commemorate the conversion and baptism of the four Tlaxcalan senators in whom had been vested the supreme power of the country." Here is found the first pulpit ever used in America. The traditional story is that the handsome structure was constructed by angels in one night. A painting within pictures the pope in a triumphal car drawn by an angel. They are passing over the bodies of some of the Reformers, and dragged behind in chains are Luther and Calvin. The Cathedral in Mexico City is described by word and by pictures. Begun in 1573 it was completed in 1667 at a cost of $2,000,000 exclusive of adornments. At the time of dedication immense gifts for interior decorations were made, those for gold and silver ornaments alone amounting to $1,000,000. "Of all the churches of the country the Cathedral of Mexico is the church of the common people by whom it was largely constructed. Even in the days when it was the church of the elite and the fashionable of the city, the poor were found there in great numbers. Women coming from the market may be seen kneeling on the wooden floor with their baskets of provisions on their arms or at their sides. Peons in their workaday garb will be found kneeling by the side of men in fashionable attire. Poor mothers with their dirty and unkempt children can be observed squatting together in a heap with aristocratic ladies kneeling nearby. During mass a stream of people pass in and out wending their way between the crowd of kneeling worshipers. The Cathedral has been the scene of many stirring incidents and important historical events. It was here that Maximilian, who was chosen by Louis Napoleon to be ruler of Mexico, was crowned emperor and his wife Carlotta empress of Mexico." This book is beautifully illustrated. **(Abingdon Press, New York, $1.50 net.)**

On Nazareth Hill. By Albert Edward Bailey. A Jewish father of the olden time takes his little son for a climb up the hills around Nazareth, and when the heights are reached and they are enjoying the beauty of the scene the father says: "But, son, I have come up here with you for another reason. There is no landscape in all our country so filled with meaning for Jehovah's people; no spot like this where one can gather at a single sweep the great lessons of our history. Many a time you have heard from your mother's lips and mine the stories of this plain and of these hills, but now I want to go over them again with you so that when next week we journey to the Holy City and for the first time you stand within its gates and become a 'son of the law,' the Doctors will not think your parents have been neglectful." We give here just a fragment of their conversation: "I think, father, that I love Jonah better than anyone else in the Scripture." "That is strange; why should you?" "Do you remember that in the storm he confessed that he was the guilty one, and begged the sailors to let him die in their stead; and when God saved him from that fate, he went to Nineveh and saved that whole great city from destruction? The other prophets are always condemning the heathen, but Jonah saved more heathen than all the other prophets put together." "I never thought of it that way before. What a queer laddie you are!" Yes, a queer laddie he was! All his life he was queer—according to the generally accepted standards. They who climbed that hill that day were Joseph and Jesus. As we read we find running through the boy's remarks those currents of being which sent him finally to Calvary. This book is touching and tender; it reaches into the depths of the spirit. It is beautifully illustrated and pictures admrably by its explanatory notes the scenes on which father and son looked in that ancient land long ago. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net.)**

Humanity At The Cross-Roads. By John Herman Randall. A very trenchant arraignment of Christianity—not real Christianity, not the Christianity of Christ, but Christianity as it often has been down through the centuries and as many people seem much inclined to have it today! The author finds a wide divergence between the religion of Jesus and "the system known as Christianity," and seeks to aid in the movement to bring it into harmony with the spirit and ideals of Jesus. He believes that religion faces the cross-roads today and asks: "Shall we continue to perpetuate a religious system so utterly at variance with the

principes into the actual lives of men and of nations? The ward to where he stood and begin seriously to translate his principles into actual lives of men and of nations? The responsibility rests with the men and women of this generation to decide what the religion of tomorrow shall be." The articles are on: The Vitality to Grow, The Honesty to Accept the Truth, A Spiritual Conception of Life, The Courage to Live Reality, The Knowledge of God, Broad Enough to Include All Humanity, The Creation of Righteousness, The Transformation of Society, The Love that Establishes Peace and Good-will on Earth, The Realization of Mortality. The author sets forth Love as a cosmic principle pervading the entire universe. "Mutual affinity inhering in the particles of primal star-dust or nebulae of the fire mist, as we believe, drew them into original rings or nodules of varying temperature and density, and finally into the revolving spheres and grouping constellations that compose the vast universe. Thus, we may speak of the love of the original atoms, without violating scientific verity. . . . As we ascend from the vegetal to the animal world, we discover this ever predominant principle increasing in power and manifestly directed by individual intelligence. Side by side with the struggle for existence is the struggle for the existence of others. . . . From a primitive force in the animal world, the love of offspring has become in human kind the strongest manifestation of the cosmic principle of love yet developed. It is at once the conserving force of civilization and the great dynamic of evolution." Emphasis is laid on this: "The fundamental cosmic principle of Love, that alone makes for peace and harmony, will never be fulfilled until that which has its source in the heart of the Eternal, and whose wondrous development we may trace from the mutual affinity of the atoms to the love we know today, shall at length evolve in a genuine social brotherhood that shall include all humanity—the apotheosis of aspiring humanity, God's dream come true at last." The author holds that all religions, through the teachings of love of their great prophets and leaders, and especially Christianity as construed by Jesus in terms of love alone, have made explicit in their ideals what we find to be implicit in the universe—the principle of love as the great law of individual life and the ultimate foundation of the world-society. All religions he holds to have failed because "they have never yet either taught or practiced their supreme ideal so as to make love the dominating social principle." And the failure of Christianity, he holds, is most marked because in no other religion has the Love-principle held so supreme or exclusively comprehensive a place as in the teachings of Jesus. Here is a book that challenges thought. Many doubtless will not agree with the author in his positions, but all will admit, as they read, that every page grips. We commend the book to our thoughtful laymen as one worth reading. **(Dodge Publishing Co., New York, $1.50 net.)**

Arlo. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. A seven-year-old boy, to whom this book was read, said when it was finished: "Papa, you must read that book over to me a million times." The story is replete with life and adventure, but withal breathes only tenderness and real chivalry. It is a book which will be enjoyed by those of mature life as well as by the young. The authors are honored Massachusetts teachers and this unique inscription shows that they know boys in other ways: "If you had a little boy nine years old who fed the chickens and ducks and ran on your errands, wouldn't you put his name in the front of your book if you wrote one? We know you would, so we are going to inscribe this book to Churchill Cobb. **(The Riverdale Press, Brookline, Massachusetts, $1.00.)**

Ayesha of the Bosphorus. By Stanwood Cobb. A Romance of Constantinople. A beautiful little story which pictures the charm of that Eastern land and affords considerable insight into the customs of the Turkish people. The book is aptly "dedicated to the happiness of all who love." **(Murray and Emery Company, Boston, $1.00 net.)**

Forward in the Better Life. By Oliva Egleston Phelps Stokes. In this book suggestions are offered regarding what God wants us to do; the helps we have in going forward in the better life; how we can encourage and help others to begin this life. There is mention of some needed reforms and emphasis is laid on the importance of realizing that to bring about truly helpful reforms we must ourselves go back constantly to the springs from whence cometh help. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net.)

By-Ways Around San Francisco Bay. N. E. Hutchinson. This is a beautifully illustrated book of brief articles concerning some of the attractive places in and around San Francisco. The author is a lover of nature and he brings the charm and majesty of the open road, the rolling field, the wood, the mountain and the blue sky over all. Of course Muir Woods and Mount Tamalpais have consideration, as do also the Berkeley hills. (Abingdon Press, New York, $1.00 net.)

A Talk With Those Who Weep. S. D. Gordon. A quotation will indicate the nature of this book: "There are always lone hearth fires; so many! And those who sit beside them, with the empty chair, cannot restrain the tears that will come. Yes, here's the Bible close by. But there's a heavy mood on that affects one's eyes so. One sits alone so much. There is some One unseen, just here, within reach. But somehow we don't realize his presence; it does not seem real. If we would quietly put a foot on the next step up, and then rise up to that foot, we can recognize His presence; it is real." (Fleming H. Revell Co., 35 cents net.)

Children's Missionary Story-Sermons. By Hugh T. Kerr, D.D. The twentieth century is pre-eminently the child's century. In them centers much of the thought and effort of all who desire a reign of righteousness. These missionary story sermons were written and used by a pastor in order to interest the children of his church in the wonderful lives of the missionaries and in the missionary work. They will be found very suggestive and helpful to ministers and teachers and most excellent also for reading to the children in the home. **(Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, $1.00 net.)**

Object Lessons For The Cradle Roll. By Frances Weld Danielson. This book contains a series of lessons, designed to give a year's definite religious nurture preparatory to that of the beginners' class in Sunday-school. The aim is to help the child to trace his daily benefits back to the heavenly Father, and to show God's care behind everything. The lessons are a combination of conversations and stories so arranged as to interpret religiously the things most prominent in the little child's world—his food, clothes, pets, home and friends, and his relation to all who serve him. The lessons can be used in the home as well as with

a group of children. A useful book! **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net.)**

Biblical Nature Stories. By Andrew Archibald. Dr. Archibald's book on "The Trend of the Centuries," published some years ago, has a large place in many hearts; and this new volume promises to gain much acceptance. Nature has voice and lessons and the author sets many of them forth in an impressive way. There are thirteen of these studies: Sitting Down Upon the Green Grass; Mirrors—Natural and Spiritual, The Mirage of the Desert, The Trees, Autumn Leaves, Treasuries of the Snow, By the Sea, Fishing Experiences, The White Mountains, The Mountains Round About Jerusalem, Eagles and Storks, Some Striking Constellations, The Temple Expanding Round Us to Infinity. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net.)**

The Heart of Blackstone. By Nanette B. Paul, LL.B. The author, who is a lecturer on law in Washington College, has put in simple living language the principles of common law, to the end that it may appeal to the average person and create a new respect for law. "Every department of science and art has been put in popular form for the benefit of untrained minds—all except the law, the only science which intimately concerns every individual both in his public and private life. If the principles of our common law were put in simple living language, shorn of all ponderous and technical phraseology, we believe they would appeal to the hearts of young and old, men and women. We believe, too, that a new reverence would be aroused for the splendid old maxims, some of which are as old as humanity itself." The author says further: "We are, no doubt, all familiar with one of the three thousand maxims upon which the system of our law and order is based, 'Ignorance of the law excuses no man,' but how many boys in our colleges, men of middle age, and those who have passed the three score allotment can repeat another? How many men exercising the symbol of free-born citizens on election day can enumerate the five great absolute rights of every American?" After considering the source of the common law and the general principles of law the book goes on to: The Absolute Rights of Persons, Relative Rights in Respect to Public Relations, Relative Rights in Respect to Private Relations, Artificial Persons or Corporations, The Rights of Things, Property in Things Real or Real Estate, Property in Things Personal, Private Wrongs or Civil Injuries, Public Wrongs or Crimes, Courts and their Processes, International Law. (Abingdon Press, New York, $1.00 net.)

A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead of every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.—Sir John Herschel.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Beecher.

"LITTLE MISS MUFFETT ABROAD."

In this new book by Alice E. Ball we have "A Mother Goose Favorite Modernized." Miss Ball, who is a school teacher in Cleveland, has studied the life of the different nations, in books and by visits, and has adapted the Miss Muffett idea to the little girls of all the nations, the national peculiarities being cleverly depicted in each case. The illustrations together with the words bring all vividly before the reader.

We start with Miss Muffett at home:

"Little Miss Muffett
Who sat on a tuffet
Grew tired of curds and whey;
So she started to roam
In lands far from home,
And here's what she saw while away."

Little Miss Muffett goes first to England and this is the result:

"Good-natured Anne Bull
Had her plate very full
Af roast-beef and plum-pudding and tart,
Which her stout brother John
With a whoop fell upon,
And forced the grieved maid to depart!

As to Brazil we read:

"A girl of Brazil
Was eating her fill
Of cream-nuts and fruits ripe and sweet,
When she heard monkeys chatter,
And down with a clatter
Nuts fell in a shower at her feet."

We follow Little Miss Muffett to Bulgaria and find that—

"Bulgarian Emma
Was in a dilemma,
While her mother and she made flat-bread;
For a fierce, hungry Turk
Interrupted their work,
By demanding that he should be fed."

We travel with Miss Muffett to Norway and learn there that—

"In a Norwegian boat
Maria was afloat;
Fresh cheese and salt fish she enjoyed;
When down a gull flew,
Gave a gobble or two,
And her happiness all was destroyed."

And finally we read:

Little Miss Muffett
Returned to her tuffet
And spider, from lands far away;
She had seen such queer food
And creatures so rude,
That she welcomed her curds and her whey."

It has been aptly said: "This is a book which will appeal to children of all ages." It has four color plates and thirty-six full page drawings.

Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, $1.00 net; postage ten cents.

A woman must love something.—Bishop Quayle

ABDUL BAHA BACK IN HAIFA, SYRIA.

The first direct word that has come to Bahaists in this country from their leader, Abdul Baha Abbas, within a year, has been received by Miss Julia Thompson, head of the Bahaists in New York. She says that Abdul Baha is back at his headquarters in Haifa, Syria. Some time ago it was reported that the venerable Bahists' leader had been spirited away to Nazareth by the Turks and gravest fears were then entertained for his safety.

Whatever difficulty the Bahaists in Syria might have had with the Turks has apparently been settled, since Abdul Baha has ordered his secretary and interpreter, Ahmad Sohrab, to return at once to the United States to perform certain duties for the cult. Ahmed Sohrab left Washington three years ago to go to Haifa as the personal assistant of Abdul Baha.

Abdul Baha writes to Miss Thompson: "We are now all under the divine protection of God, for which God be praised. All the news you have forwarded to us out here has been the means of imparting to us great gladness. We pray to God that He may terminate this war and open the doors of communication."

Abdul Baha explained that he had not communicated with his American adherents for so long a time because "I did not wish to burden the censor with my letters, which had to be opened by him." The opinion of Bahaists, however, is that there were other reasons which Abdul Baha has not seen fit to communicate at the present time.

Abdul Baha, who himslf was a prisoner for many years, owing to his religious beliefs and teachings, takes occasion in his communication to wish Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing prison, success in his reform plans at the penitentiary.

"I will pray for Mr. Osborne," he says, "and hope his educational reforms in the prison may lead to a marked decrease in crime and lawlessness, and that through his humane treatment of prisoners he may regenerate them, changing their hearts of flesh and sin into hearts of spirit, purity and manly courage. Mr. Osborne in doing this is doing a great service to humanity."

Do stars together sing?
How can such silent music fill
The night with carolling?
I hear it not,—and yet for me
The hush is filled with harmony."

IT WILL NOT DOWN.

Wichita (Kansas) Beacon.

National Prohibition will be one of the important issues in the next campaign, whether either old party adopts it as an issue, and it is not probable that either old party will put it in its platform.

It is to-day the greatest moral question before the nation.

It will not befought out as a matter of sentiment. It is a problem in conservation, a question that has to do with economic waste and an age that is studying modern efficiency as intensely as the United States is studying is today, will not let the liquor question alone until it is solved right.

He praised me at a time when praise was of value to me.—Samuel Johnson.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday morning by President Edward Dwight Eaton of Beloit College. Dr. Eaton will supply both morning and evening during December.

Palermo.—Sunday, Nov. 28th, the Palermo Congregational church observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of its dedication. The attendance was not large, as this is the time of the olive and orange harvest, but the exercises were interesting and enjoyed by those present.

Calexico.—At the Thanksgiving service six persons entered in the fellowship of the church, one on confession. A note on the bulletin for December reads: "Some say we can build a new church if we will. Why not say, we can build a new church and we **will.**" Charles N. Queen is pastor at Calexico. Superintendent Kenngott is to visit the field soon and will preach on the 19th. For Sunday afternoon, the 12th, an every-member canvass was planned. Previously these were the questions, "Shall the slogan be self-support? And why not?"

Campbell.—The ladies of the Campbell church have just held a most successful bazaar. When we remember that it was held on the day of the heaviest wind and rainstorm of eight years, on the day the big San Jose tower was blown down, and we find that nearly $90 was cleared that day—nearly $150 all told—we regard it as quite remarkable. Sunday, Dec. 5, we observed as "Boy's Sunday." The pastor spoke on "Our Boys" in the morning. In the evening the Boys' Secretary of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Brainerd, one of San Jose's best athletes and our boys' club instructor in athletics, took the service. Fine audiences both times; fully half or more being men and boys. In the Endeavor Society these last Sundays of the year the outgoing officers and chairmen give five-minute talks, telling the incoming officers and chairmen what they want their successors to do the coming year. It is proving to be a very interesting series of helpful talks.

Los Angeles, Mt. Hollywood.—What is announced as "Los Angeles' Most Distinctive Service" has been recently introduced at the Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church. The principal feature of the new service is the interpretation and impersonation of suitable stories, books and plays by the pastor, Rev. Clyde Shepard. It was at the request of the congregation that this service was begun. Mr. Shepard has been for several years a prominent lecturer and entertainer on the platform, and the people desired to make use of his ability, as well as to add something of new interest to the Sunday evening service. Mr. Shepard expresses great faith in this manner of presenting his message. He says the object of the services, especially the popular Sunday evening meeting, is to sink a message into the hearts and lives of the hearers. The vehicle is not so important as the driving home of the message. The teacher and the psychologist know that there is no surer way of sending a point to its mark than by its dramatic presentation. Recently a strong young man came to the pastor after the close of a reading service and said to him, "That did me more good than any sermon I ever heard." All

visitors to Los Angeles are invited to attend these meetings. The new Mt. Hollywood church is located on Prospect and Hastings Aves., one block from Vermont and Hollywood Boulevard.

Sebastopol.—Despite the inclement weather, Sunday, Dec. 5, was a great day. The church edifice, remodeled since the fire, was open for dedicatory services, and proved well adapted for holding a large audience, the gallery, the room in the rear, and the Sunday-school room on the south being filled with those unable to be accommodated in the main auditorium. Fully three hundred people were present, the Methodists suspending services that pastor and people might be present. Pastor Dean and his efficient wife had done everything possible to have building completed and so new pulpit chairs, new communion table, and handsome new carpet added not a little to the charm of the delicately tinted interior. The excellent sermon on the "New City" by Dr. Rathbone was eminently fitting for a people resuming service in a practically new auditorium, and the $600 needed to complete expenditures was soon raised, an exceedingly happy feature being the return compliment of several Methodists for the help extended by Congregationalists in their building project. Owing to the fact that the beautiful electric fixtures could not be used owing to some incompleteness of the wires, the evening service was held with the Methodists in their new auditorium, the Field Secretary of the C. C. B. S. preaching the sermon. Altogether, the day was most enjoyable. The beautiful building, the loyalty of the people, the fellowship of the churches, the large attendance revealing interest in church work, the untiring labors of pastor's wife and friends, and the fine sermon of our popular "pastor at large"—all gave great reason for rejoicing, and from this time, more than ever before, the church has reason to "thank God and take courage."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher of Los Angeles will enter on the pastorate at Fall River, Massachusetts, on the 9th of January—the one hundredth anniversary of the church to which he has been called.

The Rev. B. St. John has resigned at Benicia after a pastorate of eleven years—the longest in the history of the church which was organized in 1865. Mr. St. John has worked faithfully at Benicia through the many discouragements of a very difficult field. He will end his work there early next year.

recently an attractive announcement card, with sermon topics for a month, and a cut showing the location of the church in the heart of the city. The card bore also these words: "Down town, a block from city hall, amid hotels, theatres, saloons, dance halls, boarding houses and "big business," a great church is doing a great work. Multitudes 'like to go to church' there. Why? Come and see—we'll do the rest!"

OAKLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES AND "CIVIC SUNDAY."

The Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club of the city of Oakland have just completed a notable campaign to increase the membership of the organization to twenty-five hundred. The whirlwind canvass to which many of the busiest men of Oakland gave unstintingly of their time was completely successful and the goal was not only reached but well passed, the total membership now numbering two thousand five hundred and forty-seven. When it is remembered that each membership represents twenty-five dollars a year and that now the annual income is $63,675 it can be seen that Oakland is giving new evidence of her rising civic spirit.

The part taken in this enterprise by our Congregational churches of the city is worthy of notice. Among the preliminary moves to enlist the attention of the citizens in the campaign and arouse their enthusiasm—including numerous banquets of various groups, articles in the daily papers, and cards in all the store windows—was an invitation to the churches to name the Sunday preciding "Civic Sunday" and to have sermons given dealing with that side of the movement which might be termed idealistic. The Congregational churches with evident enthusiasm and co-operation took a leading part in this undertaking. The First Church prepared a large announcement card which read: "1000 men in Church Sunday," and an invitation to the Chamber of Commerce to worship with them, and had it swung high in sight of the six hundred men gathered at the banquet in the Hotel Oakland. The first words of the chairman to those men representing all types of business life in the city was to "go to church tomorrow."

Sermons were preached in six Congregational churches and the Monday Tribune printed large portions of four sermons, each one being by a pastor of a Congregational Church—Dr. Van Horn, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Clarke.

The Evening Enquirer printed portions of five sermons and only one was by the pastor of any other save a Congregational Church. That the invitation was not passively accepted by the churches of our order, but that the opportunity was eagerly seized to show the real sympathy of the church with the movements of business life was evident to the whole city and was commented on by citizens not ordinarily interested in church life. Mr. Palmer addressed a large congregation in Plymouth Church on "The City of Friends," using Walt Whitman's well known lines. In Calvary Church, the announcement cards which had been shown in the windows of business houses, with some slight change, had a conspicuous place on either side of the pulpit and Mr. Campbell spoke on "The City—the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

Mr. Orr of Myrtle Street Church, and Mr. Youtz of Pilgrim Church in their morning sermons dealt with the claims of the city on the life of the churches.

The reaction of this interest was undoubtedly felt by the members of the campaign teams during the next two weeks of work, giving to the commercial spirit which was its impelling motive a touch of idealism. As a result of this Joseph E. Caine, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club, has announced other plans which when worked out will bring the churches into more direct and constant touch with the organization.

"Of all the hidden and unfathomable things in this unintelligible world, the deepest hidden and the least fathomable is the mind of man."

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.—Robert South.

The Home.

IF—FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

If you let your foot-free friends surprise you
When all your household wheels are out of gear;
If you can get a meal when all about you
Are piled the things there wasn't time to clear;
If you can serve them simple things serenely,
Without a word about the plight you're in,
The while you say unto your soul, "Be seemly,"
And in the bosom fight that follows, win,—
If you can love your child with all that's in you,
Yet firmly say the word that must be said,
Face tearful eyes and never let them daunt you,
And in the din that follows keep your head;
If you know life, yet trust your children in it
Because you see that God, who made the gale,
To vanquish sin gave unto man the Spirit
Just as to fight head-winds he gave the sail;—
If you can win respect from those who serve you,
And run your home, and not let it run you;
If you can face details, nor let them dwarf you;
And keep your outlook broad, your vision true;
If you can let your sands of time run daily
Into a headlong stream of endless tasks,
And do the things you hate, and do them gayly,
Because to serve is all the joy Love asks;
If you can do, without the dust of doing,
And toiling, keep your soul and body fine;
If you can right the words and deeds you're ruing,
And lean on Love yet not become a vine;
If you can be a worthy wife and mother,
And wisely meet all this shall bring to you,—
Fear not to share the burdens of your Brother:
What Time shall ask, that, Woman, you can do.
—Jane Dowling Foote, in American Rural Home.

THE BOY'S UNSPOKEN NEED.

It has often seemed to me, as I have watched the "give-and-take" in families of children, that the boy doesn't quite get his share of take. Of course, one wants Jim to grow up sturdy, and ready to bear as it comes his part of the day's lot; but he as well as his little sister has times of needing the open expression of our affection.

The boy, to be sure, does not as often make clear that need. Your girl rubs up against your knee, and reaches for your hand, while Jim stands, a lonely little figure, over there by the far window. You don't see that things aren't "going his way," nor the forlorn expression in the gray eyes that are apparently following the strutting progress of the rooster toward the barn.

Perhaps some hasty, ill-considered word of his teacher's is still bruising his mind. Perhaps that fall when old Dobbin shied at sight of the hay-tedder hurts more than he cares to admit. "Jim, if you stand by the window all day, you'll never get the grass cut!" you say. "Polly, dear, have you tidied your room? One more kiss, then!"

Somehow the kissing and hugging is prolonged, and the rhythmical song of Jim's lawn-mower can be heard several minutes before Polly's unwilling step is on the stair.

What is there so remarkable about Uncle Benjamin? His faded brown suit shows almost white at the seams; his straw hat has seen—we won't say how many summers. But it was Uncle Benjamin who strongly advocated a holiday when the circus came to town. It was Uncle Benjamin who said, "Never mind, boy!" and patted Jim on the shoulder once when he forgot to stop at the office for his uncle's mail. (How the short legs flew for it then!) And it was Uncle Benjamin who said, "Nonsense, Sue! You never were a boy," when Jim pushed forward his eager plate for a second help of pumpkin-pie, and mother shook her head.

That new house of yours is taking shape just as you hoped. The architect has forgotten no one of your desires. Your farm is yielding splendidly this year. Your girl is growing in grace and usefulness. How about the boy? Is he giving a gradual priceless place to some one else, when his first and closest love might be your own?

Let tomorrow's whist-club go to the winds. Is it actually six weeks since you began "Tom Brown's School-days" with Jim? Only three chapters finished? Well, it's raining its hardest, and just the day to read the next three chapters. Why not have a regular hour for reading with him? And there is just as much room for Jim with you on that sofa as there is for Polly. He has been weeding for nearly an hour in the kitchen-garden, any any one with half an eye can see his head is splitting. "I'm all right!" he growls. Mother! Father! See that you are.—Caroline Stetson Allen.

THE GLADNESS OF TODAY.

The quest of happiness is as old as the race. Jason is but a type and the Golden Fleece a symbol. Every human soul goes seeking the unattained good, the evanescent lure, whose achievement will but transmute longing into dissatisfaction. Meanwhile, what of the Gladness of Today?

The search for happiness need not carry one far afield. The land is white with the simple manna that is the gladness of today.

Home contains within itself every possibility and potentiality of happiness. Patience and sympathy, which are the guardian angels of wedded love, bear it up that its feet go unbruised along stony ways, and make this dearest and holiest of earthly loves render its daily complement of joy.

Child-love enriches and sanctifies any home, and hour by hour the little singing voices, the rush of little hurrying feet, the clasp of little eager arms, the daily business and interest of childish lives, add a joy to living that makes us pause and say, "This moment am I happy; my child lives and loves me." It is hard to think that heaven itself has anything better to offer.

Memory, too, swift-winged bird, builds fearlessly under the eaves of home. Here are old things, worn possessions of other days, hallowed with associations. There is an element of happiness in the familiarity, the shabbiness. Nothing new can be to us as are those things that bear the traces of human love and need and cherishing.

I will look today, to revive my fainting gladness, into this worn old bo ok. Here are words written for me by dead hands, but the thoughts are the thoughts of a strong, sure spirit in whose memory mine may draw breath. I will sit for an hour in the firelight in the chair in which our mother rocked her children, and imperceptibly I shall know again the childish peace and soothing. I will touch and use and live with the things dear to me for the sake of my dead, and my loved and lost ones will be to me a past sorrow, but a present joy.

The furnishings of that house which is a home are not

tables and chairs and books and pictures, but little shrines of memory and love, potent for blessing, making dumb offer of peace and serenity and courage in the homes of those from whom the unspoken messages come. These sources of joy must be recognized as such, and whoso would drink must bend above the spring.—Grace Dreffield Goodwin.

THE INNERMOST OF TRUTH.

So to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood
That love of God is love of good. . . .
That to be saved is only this:
Salvation from our selfishness. . . .
That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice.

—John G. Whittier.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE ANOTHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and to live will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—A. P. Stanley.

For The Children.

WHAT THE FURNITURE TRUCK TAUGHT BILLY.

Billy and his father were standing on the sidewalk in Mattapan Square. That is where the trolley-cars start to run in to Boston; the distance is about five miles, over a smooth straight road.

"See!" exclaimed Billy. "There is one of the cars just starting now."

"Yes," responded his father, Mr. Henderson. "We could catch it by hurrying, and ride in to Boston. But another will start soon."

Billy, as he glanced about, seeing everything, quite as a bright, wide-awake boy of seven is likely to do, noticed a heavy furniture-truck now rolling heavily across the square on its way to Boston. "See that big truck!" he said. "What a lot of things it can carry! I can see chairs, and bedsteads, and tables, and stoves, and—well, there is almost a houseful of things on it."

"It must have strong wheels," suggested Mr. Henderson, "to be able to carry such a heavy load."

"Why, I think that one truck—an auto-truck, they call it, father?"—

"Yes, Billy."

"I think that they could put everything on for one load."

"For a small family, I really believe they could," assented Mr. Henderson.

"But how slowly the truck moves!" remarked Billy. "There it goes, trundling along. I know I could run faster than it can go. See that trolley-car, now. How much faster it runs than the truck!"

"Yes, that is so," agreed Mr. Henderson. "I suppose that the trolley-car is now running at about ten or fifteen miles an hour, while the truck is rolling along at only—well, perhaps six or eight miles an hour."

Then Billy laughed and he explained, "I was only thinking that, if it were a race between the truck and the trolley-car, the poor old truck wouldn't have much chance."

His father glanced at him, then he seemed to reflect, and presently he said: "Come, Billy. Let's take this car just starting, and see if we can catch up with the furniture truck."

"No trouble about that," declared the little boy, laughing. "We could get to Boston and half-way back before that old auto-truck got half-way."

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked his father, quietly, with a smile. "Anyhow, let's take the car, Billy, and have a race to Boston with the truck."

So they took the car, and in a few seconds it started; and Billy gleefully pointed out to his father how rapidly they were catching up with the truck.

But at that moment the conductor rang his bell—one ring—and the motorman slowed down, and presently the car stopped; a grocer's man with a basket got on the rear platform. Then the conductor rang—two bells—and the motorman started the car, and it went faster and faster. But when Billy looked for the furniture-truck it had got a long distance ahead. "Never mind," he said. "We'll catch it in a few minutes."

And they did. Nearer and nearer they drew to the huge load of furniture and the four double wheels under it trundling slowly but steadily on; just as they were even with it, and going at twice its speed, the conductor rang again—ding!—and the car began to slow up.

But the huge furniture-van did not stop, neither did it slow up,—it simply kept trundling and trundling on, like some kind of an elephant on wheels; and the trolley-car waited for two women and a little girl to get on. One of them stopped to ask the conductor a question about where the car went. That delayed things still more; and still the furniture-van went rolling steadily on.

Again the car started, and went faster and faster; now they neared the truck; now they were even with it; now they passed it; and Billy could see two men on the seat in front, half-hidden under the huge load of furniture.

"Ah, I knew we could beat that truck," Billy exclaimed joyfully. "See! We're leaving it farther and farther behind; and, you know"—

At that moment the conductor rang the bell—ding!—and the car slowed up. A man on the seat in front of Billy wished to get off, and the little boy sighed as he thought how much the truck would gain on them while they were stopping. He even half hoped that the man would alight while the car was still going,—that would save time; but he knew in his heart that this was a rash and foolish thing to do.

Finally the man was clear of the car, the conductor rang twice, and off they sped; but as Billy looked back he saw that the truck had nearly caught up with them; it did not go nearly as fast as the car did, but—it kept on and on without ceasing.

So again the race was on, and the truck fell behind; now it was nearly a quarter of a mile in the rear, so Mr. Henderson told Billy. So the boy felt sure that they would see very little of that big lumbering thing again. But again thep stopped,—a man and a boy wished to get on,—and hardly had they started when they stopped again. It seemed to impatient Billy as if the bell rang all the time. They were passing through a thickly settled district, and people were continually getting on and off; and—all the time the furniture-truck kept rolling on nearer and nearer. Though the car stopped the truck did not; on it rolled, and now it was even with the car, now it had slowly crept past it. And Billy felt as if he were an athlete in a real race, and were being distanced.

Again forward. The car started, and gathered speed. It caught up with the van and passed it. Then again it obeyed the conductor's ring and slowed down. It stopped wholly. Billy almost wished to cry with vexation as he sak the truck, never stopping, never even slowing up, keep steadily on its way; down an incline in the highway it went, and it went a little faster.

But what was the matter with Billy's car? Ah, yes-The wheel had slipped off the wire overhead, and the conductor was obliged to try several times before he could get it back on again; the wire seemed to throw off the wheel each time it came near settling down. Then at last it was on, and the bell rang, and away hastened the car, as if to make up for lost time.

But the furniture-truck had been quietly busy all through this interval, and now it was almost out of sight, far ahead. Still the trolley was good for ten or fifteen miles an hour, as Mr. Henderson had said, if—if it did not stop.

But it did. Two people wished to get off, and a few hundred yards farther along two other people wished to get on. Then, just as Billy caught sight of the furniture-truck, far ahead, the car stopped at the "car-barn," and a change of "crews" was in order. Their present motorman and conductor alighted, and two new men took their places, —and these men took their places very slowly; they talked and laughed with the men whom they were relieving, and Billy chafed and clenched his brown little hands, and made some remarks through his teeth which his father could not hear.

After what seemed an age the car started once more, but Billy had about lost his interest in the "race." The truck was somewhere ahead, still keeping up its steady trundling, not going very fast, but never stopping. And now they had come to the outskirts of the city. Here it seemed to Billy as if somebody wanted to get on or off every hundred yards. "O, dear!" he exclaimed. "This horrid old car! I never saw such a car. It just crawls."

Mr. Henderson smiled wisely, and as they crossed into the crowded streets of the city he drew his little boy closer to him on the seat, and said softly, kindly: "You see Billy, it makes a great difference about the stops. If a carriage, or a man,—or a boy,—keeps steadily at the work he is doing, he will get head faster and accomplish much more than he would if he moved faster but stopped and stopped and got drawn aside by other interests. That is the lesson, Billy, which I thought we might learn from that furniture-truck."—Frances Baring in The Christian Register.

Let us be content to work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

'I would rather save a million men than a million dollars." "The church needs a supreme world purpose—a gigantic task, something which will call out its energies; something too great for man himself to accomplish and, therefore, something which will throw her back on God." —John R. Mott.

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